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The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 10.

The field is the world. As no missionary work is more incumbent upon this nation than that among the Indian tribes, we learn with interest that the Cherokees of Indian Territory have recently dedicated a seminary for girls, which cost them \$200,000. Another encouraging item is that the Winnebago Indians in Nebraska have just planted 500 acres with flax, having previously planted 2,000 acres of corn and 100 acres of garden vegetables. . . . Surely we may exclaim, "The morning cometh," when we learn that the King of Siam has given one of his royal palaces, besides other buildings with extensive grounds, for the use of the American Presbyterian Mission. . . . The future of the South is being wrought out by 10,000 colored teachers, 1,000,000 pupils, 80 normal schools, 50 colleges and universities, and 68 theological seminaries. . . . Disastrous storms have recently occurred in Japan, resulting in floods, by which 10,000 persons perished and 20,000 were rendered homeless. . . . The discussion in regard to an international language has attracted almost universal attention, and awakened a very wide interest. Dr. Esperanto, of Warsaw, Russia, is said to have issued a book with plans for such a language, which is receiving very high praise. An international language would simplify missionary work, and surely hasten the time of the world's evangelization.

WEIGHTS.

SCALES would not amount to much without weights, but weights in themselves have not much more value than their equivalent in iron. In society there are those who play the part of weights. They see everything on the dark side. "Failure" seems to them written on almost every cause. The temperance reform can never succeed, because people always have drank and always will. One writes an essay on the failure of Christianity, another on that of the common-school system. And the cause of missions is no exception.

The missionary world has been recently startled with an essay with elaborate statistics showing missions to be a failure, and at first many find their faith staggered by it; but without even waiting to study the validity of the statistics, we see at once the sure fallacy of any such statement, and the foundation of sand on which it is built. Because the proportion of conversions thus far has been less than might seem necessary, in order to prove the speedy evangelization of the world, it is no proof that that result is becoming unattainable.

In the natural world, we do not find steady, uninterrupted growth. The period after seed-sowing is one of waiting. Then come the obstacles of drouth or freshest, of frost or devouring insect. The autumn finds a part of the harvest wanting; the springtime finds much that was tender, winter-killed. But is this a proof that agriculture is a failure?

In the spiritual world we find similar experiences. The peasant whose Bible was confiscated and burned, the martyr who gave his life for his belief, a whole province from which every Bible had been taken, except one baked in a loaf of bread,—all these saw no bright results, but faith kindled hope of triumphs yet to come. He is a bold person who dares assert to-day that Christianity is a failure; and if Christianity is a success, the cause of missions must be also, as a natural sequence. It must be so. To say that there is no hope of Christianizing

the race is to put a discount on the salvation provided for the world.

But these essayists have their value. They set thought at work in new channels. As the weight placed on the scales is countermatched by the commodity placed on the other side, so in the realm of life, human weights cause a testing of the value of their ideas, that invariably redounds to the advantage of truth and righteousness.

May we be delivered from filling the position of weights in the world's economy, but some pretty good people seem to have been born with a mission to keep other people balanced. Let us try to be patient with them, but do not let them use too much of our valuable time in depicting gloomy results.

"WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP YOU?"

BY DR. JAS. L. PHILLIPS.

IT was one of the dark days. Pestilential fever was raging throughout Bengal, and Midnapore had been invaded. Several of the native Christians were ill; there had been a number of deaths, and now one of the missionaries was prostrated, and with anxious hearts we watched by day and night over that patient sufferer. Rest seemed out of the question, and all through the long days of that desolate rainy season, our little band was working on, always tired yet trustful, cheerfully looking ahead for the cool north breeze that the last October days are sure to bring.

It was almost noon, and the Dispensary patients were all gone, and breakfast announced, when a *chaprasi* entered our compound gate, and walking quickly around the cactus hedge of the front garden stepped up on our south veranda, where I stood watching the rain falling in torrents. He brought a brief note from an English neighbor—one of so many noble Christian men England now has in all the East—who had heard of the illness at the missionary bungalow. The seven little words,

"What can I do to help you?" were in that note, and I can never half tell how they helped me there and then. His brave father fell at the gate of Delhi or Lucknow,—I forget which,—in the Sepoy mutiny of 1857. I've heard him tell the story; and didn't the Calcutta mail bring the sad news but the other day that he, royal good fellow and friend indeed, had passed on to the majority "beyond the river"? What is there that so cheers one, when worn and weary, as help sincerely and heartily proffered?

One of the very saddest things I ever had to do was to tell a heroic volunteer, whose soul was too big and brave for her shattered body, that she could not go to India. To my dying day I'll never forget how grandly the little woman took it, saying with smiles and tears together, "Then I'll stay at home and work for India." And if there was one salient and shining trait in the life too early ended here of my sweet sister Ida Orissa, it was her eagerness to help others. From childhood this trait was prominent, and how precious it makes her memory to many on both sides of the great sea. But I cannot trust myself to speak of her, only to illustrate the topic of which I am writing.

The women of our churches can ask no more significant question than this, "What can I do to help on the work?" In this day and on the pages of the *HELPER*, this calls for no proof, only for illustration. Since Eve, the helpmeet of Eden, and Miriam and Ruth and Phebe and Priscilla and the Marys and "the beloved Persis," of Old Testament story and New, what a host of helpers has God raised up in his church. Mothers, teach your children to be "succourers of many." In the home, the church, the parish, the world, there is no brighter badge of honor. The chief glory of Christianity is what it has done for woman; and how can the women of the church more fitly or more effectively prove their gratitude than by toiling always and everywhere for the amelioration of human want and woe? God grant that we all may be able to say from

our hearts, in the presence of destitution and distress, and in the face of the many profound problems for alleviating suffering, checking crime, and lifting mankind towards hope and heaven, *what can I do to help?*

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LIFE IN AFRICA.

LAST Sabbath I went over the river on my usual preaching trip, and was more forcibly than ever impressed with the terrible superstitions of these benighted people.

The first place after landing is a little village of a dozen mud huts, decayed and dilapidated, occupied by as lazy a lot of people as will be found on the West Coast—a people for whom there can be no hope of elevation. Now and then one may be persuaded to pull a canoe or “tote” a load, but I have never known one to do any real solid work at “farm culling” or planting.

A man stood waiting for me at the landing, and as the canoe struck the sand, without waiting to say “How do,” a sure sign of haste among the African, he muttered the single word, “Na” (come), and trotted on before, occasionally giving a backward glance to see if I was following. Arriving at the village, he silently pointed to a kitchen, which I entered. On the ground lay a four-months-old baby, with a gangrened ulcer which had eaten the flesh entirely off from and under the knee, leaving bare the sinews and bone—a most sickening sight.

I turned away, and again the guide pointed to another house, and there lay a young woman, foul and filthy, with a similar sore on the thigh, as large as a saucer. She was evidently starving, and squalid want was written over her whole body.

The whole town was in wretched condition, and not a man, woman, or child in the place without a sore of some kind—and every one was hungry, and had nothing to eat except the few wild fruits and roots which they could pick up in the bush.

It seems the woman had taken her baby on her knee and sat down by the fire to cook a few palm nuts. A hungry dog came

up, and in trying to get at the boiling food upset the pot, and slightly burned both the mother and child, scarcely severe enough to notice ; but in two days it had eaten into the half-starved flesh, and formed the horrible ulcers before me. Poor ignorant, superstitious souls ! Instead of attributing it to the proper cause, they gave the following explanation of the fearful affliction.

This woman had a baboon in the forest as a fetich to guard her from evil and keep her from harm. A man somewhere else had a baboon also for the same purpose ; the two animals met in the jungle and had a fight, hers getting the worst of it. The doctrine is you must always share the fortunes of the fetich ; so in this case her baboon was bitten on the thigh and on the knee, causing the ulcers on its patron and her child. There was but one way to effect a cure, and that was to find another person with the same animal as a fetich, and pay him to let it whip the one that had inflicted the injury : Great and diligent search was being made, the woman meanwhile suffering terribly. They had found the man, but he must have two fathoms of cloth before letting his baboon loose on the other one, and this sum the whole town could not raise.

Every man and woman has a fetich of some kind, besides an abundance of charms. One has a leopard, another a snake or an elephant, all assigned to them while undergoing initiation into the mysteries of the Sembí.

In the afternoon I came home, and at the evening service asked the superintendent of the Sabbath school to send over a committee to see what could be done. Three were appointed, and the duty performed. The child was dead ; but that committee, two fifteen-year-old girls and one boy, washed the woman, dressed the ulcer, and have been doing the ugly task daily. The patient is growing better, and a whole lot of superstition is vanishing. I can only add, "God bless the devoted committee ! "

Not long ago the mother of one of our boys died, and he

wanted a coffin for her, which I ordered made in the shop. When it was taken to the town the people with one accord refused permission to use it, and it was brought back to the shop. It was placed in one corner, and then my trouble began. Every man or woman coming along was sure to inquire, "Who done die?" And all day I was pestered with that question. Then I put the coffin out of sight, but it did no good; the news had gone out, and still I was asked, "Who done die?" The truth was they thought it was awful to have it about. It made them afraid, and a number of people told me they could not sleep as that "box was before them," so I had to have it broken up.

It seems we are to have another war between the Pessas and the Golahs, two tribes who live contiguous, and are always quarreling. Not long ago a Golah man killed a Pessa woman, and the tribe did not make much effort to punish the offender. The Pessas then caught a Golah man, shaved his head and face, burned the hair, mixed the ashes with water and compelled him to drink it; a mortal insult which can only be wiped out by war and bloodshed. The Pessas are a numerous people, light-brown complexion, industrious but of low habits. They have a number of tribal rites and ceremonies, which bear a strong resemblance to those spoken of in the Bible. Among them is the covenant of blood, of salt, and sacrifice of sheep, and also the scape-goat.

On going to war fire is built, and each warrior takes the oath by walking through it. Some of them also eat their enemies killed in battle, not for the taste of human flesh, but because they wish to imbibe the skill and courage of the dead warrior. They are polite to strangers, and always offer the guest the largest portion of the snake, monkey, baboon, or deer which they may have been fortunate enough to have killed.—*Lutheran Missionary Journal.*

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"NOTHING that is excellent can be wrought suddenly."

NOTES ON PERSIA AND TURKEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

TURKEY, lying both in Europe and Asia, and Persia, a country of western Asia, are both Mohammedan in belief. There is sufficient difference, however, in their tenets, to cause perpetual feuds between the two nations.

The American Presbyterian Board has an established mission in Persia, and the missionaries report very encouraging experiences among many cities and villages.

While there is a feeling of suspicion and jealousy on the part of Mohammedans toward the incoming of Christianity, there is often shown unexpected friendliness toward colporteurs.

There has recently been an awakening among Moslem leaders in regard to Christian doctrine in some localities, and an invitation extended by them for a friendly discussion.

The *Church Missionary Intelligencer* says in regard to the present condition of its mission : —

"We have no opposition from Moslem priests or people worth mentioning ; the latter, in nine cases out of ten, gladly receive our colporteurs and evangelists, and welcome their visits. The Moslem priests now have lost all their power for good or evil in Persia. The Persian government is also liberal in its treatment of Christians and Jews, but through the intrigues of the Roman Catholic and (led by them) of the American ecclesiastics, it allows Protestant Christians to be opposed, and thereby gives us great trouble. During all my mission life among Mohammedans, every persecution and opposition to our work from which we have suffered has been set on foot, not by Moslems, but by nominal Christians."

In contrast to this, we are told, however, upon good authority, that High Church missionaries from England are establishing schools and churches without any regard to the positions occupied and work done by American missionaries in the past.

Perhaps the progress of missionary work in Persia cannot be

better presented than by giving to our readers the story of Kasha Mooshy, a native preacher in the Methodist mission, as told in *Gospel in All Lands*:—

“I am a native of Uroomia, Persia. In the year 1857 I visited the missionary residence, when Mr. Cochran conversed with me about the salvation of the soul. At that time I was only sixteen years of age. In the same year I became engaged, and after our marriage we were sent by the missionaries to the village ‘Charagooshy’ to open a school and to preach to its inhabitants. I remained in that place for six years, and after that I was requested by the missionaries to visit Kurdistan, as the people there had not yet heard the good tidings of the Gospel. On my way to Kurdistan I was attacked and almost killed, but through the help of the Lord I made my escape.

“When I reached my destination I had to be careful about my life, as there were many enemies to the Gospel, so much so that on one occasion I had to be hidden in a cave. But the promise of the Lord is a strong shield to his servants, wherever they be. Having finished my tour I returned to my native land in 1863.

“In the year 1864 the missionaries and the principal inhabitants of the village thought of making me a clergyman. Accordingly a meeting was held, in which the ceremony was to take place. I was now requested to visit different cities and villages. I felt that there was great need in spreading the Gospel among these people, who were, and are still, groping in darkness.

“In 1877, our congregation in Tabrees increased to 145 persons, many of them being Mohammedans who were rather persecuted by their countrymen on account of coming to our meetings. It was a sad thing to us to have this opposition from the natives.

“We Christians who live under the Persian government have for years past undergone many persecutions for the sake of our Master, and are still able to glorify his name among

these nations of Asia with unwavering constancy. The visits which I paid to various parts are these, — twice to Khoi, five times to Maraghah, once to Tartary.

"The length of my journeys was about 22,000 miles. I need only mention that I had great difficulty in traveling all over these parts, because, on the one hand, I met with many who were enemies to the Gospel, and, on the other hand, we had to march very slowly with caravan.

"In this country we are looked upon as infidels for two reasons : first, because we don't believe in Mohammed, and secondly, we say that Christ is the Son of God. So much are we despised by them that we are not allowed to sell our goods in market.

"Formerly we had to live very poorly, and we dared not argue with the Mohammedans on religious points. I will give an anecdote which concerns my father-in-law. On one occasion he was asked, Who is the Christ? and his reply was, The Son of God. No sooner had he uttered these words than he was thrown from a bridge into a river. During his struggle with the water he was heard to repeat the words, 'Christ is the true God.'

"Now I will relate some of the changes which I have witnessed during these later years. Thanks be unto God for his gracious mercies which we have so bountifully received from his hands !

"Those who used to look upon us as infidels and barbarous are now good friends with us. We are no longer compelled to conceal the name of Christ, but can publicly proclaim to them that he is the only Mediator between God and men, and that without him no one has access to God. A few years ago, I remember, a sayid (priest) killed an Armenian. The former was convicted and executed. Of course such a thing had not happened since the time of Mohammed, that if a Mussulman kills a Christian the former should in return be killed. Formerly no Scriptures were to be found in the house of any Mussulman,

and if they happened to have any in their possession they were soon burnt. But now the Scriptures have been translated into many languages, and at present there are many Mohammedans who are searching into them very deeply, and the New or Old Testament is to be found in the houses of many. Once a sayid said to me, 'You Christians must not circulate your Scriptures among us, or else the sword will be declared against you.' I told him that we were commanded by our Lord and Master to spread the Gospel among all the nations, either by way of distributing the Scriptures or by preaching. When I walk through the bazars of Tabreez I am often asked to converse with them about religion or to explain to them the meaning of many passages from the Scripture.

"We hope that the light of Christianity which once illumined these parts of the globe, but which afterward was overshadowed by the clouds of persecution, is now again rising to shine on those who are still wandering in the dark desert of this world."

In Turkey missionary efforts have been met by alternate opposition and allowance on the part of the authorities. The work of the American Board (Congregational) in this country has been persistent and hopeful.

Quite recently local authorities closed the mission schools in the province of Beirut, but Minister Strauss rendered good service by securing orders from the Grand Vizier at Constantinople for their re-opening. The work is carried on by preaching tours and schools, as elsewhere.

That there is great need that light shine in upon the spiritual darkness of Turkey is shown by the domestic persecution that is likely to follow the convert or his friends. In one instance the paint and quicksilver were scraped off a mirror to furnish poison for a wife who was disgraced by her husband having become a Christian. Revivals in some localities during the past year have brought much encouragement to workers.

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ONE trouble sometimes makes us forget a thousand mercies.

THE TREE GOD PLANTS.

THE wind that blows can never kill
 The tree God plants ;
 It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
 The tender leaves have little rest,
 But any wind that blows is best.

The tree God plants
 Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
 Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will
 Meets all its wants.

There is no frost hath power to blight
 The tree God shields ;
 The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
 And when Spring comes it surely knows,
 And every bud to blossom grows.

The tree God shields
 Grows on apace, by day and night,
 Till, sweet to taste and fair to sight,
 Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm has power to blast
 The tree God knows ;
 No thunderbolt, nor beating rain,
 Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane —
 When they are spent it doth remain.

The tree God knows
 Through every tempest standeth fast,
 And from its first day to its last
 Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden-place
 A seed God sows —
 A little seed — it soon will grow,
 And far and near all men will know,
 For heavenly lands he bids it blow.

A seed God sows,
 And up it springs, by day and night ;
 Through life, through death, it groweth right,
 Forever grows.

—Selected.

OUR LITERATURE FUND.

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" I'M AFRAID TO DIE RICH."

SUCH was the reply, not long since, of a man who was noted for his liberality in doing good. He had just been giving a large sum to a certain benevolent object, when a friend inquired if it was not more than he could well afford, and why it was that, with all the demands upon him for his business and his family, he gave away so much. And his reply, forever memorable, was : " I feel that as to my property I am but God's steward, and I am afraid to die rich ! "

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AFTER living awhile among these people (Africans) we cannot fail to notice the efforts of these languages to provide from their own resources names for new objects which may be brought to their notice. An umbrella is, literally translated, a " sun-ketch," or a " rain-ketch "; captain, a canoe king ; steamer, a smoke canoe ; school, a book place ; spectacles, look things ; bell, a bam-bam ; pantaloons, leg cloth ; and *rum*, hot water.—*Lutheran Missionary Journal.*

FROM THE FIELD.

SOME FISHES OF INDIA.

ALL the streams, tanks, and even puddles of standing water swarm with fish. They form a very important part of the native's food. Some of the Brahmins, however, think themselves too holy to take even fish, and are in the strictest sense vegetarians. All Brahmins are not so pious ; the Brahmins and warriors of the north-west provinces do not eat them. No fish is rejected because it is too small. Two of the low castes make it their business to catch fish, and they are called the fisherman castes. It is a very common sight to see in the fields, children, women, and men all engaged in catching fish from the pools and little rivulets caused by the receding tide. They use queer nets or traps for them, some of which look like cages for pet squirrels or little animals. Some look like baskets made of straw or split bamboo. Often they use only their hands, wading into the water and grabbing for the fish. The natives make large nets of twine, something as are seen at home, which they use for fishing in the rivers and tanks. The curing of the fish is a great industry among that caste of people. Very little if any salt is used in this process ; they are simply dried in the sun, and one can tell a long way before he reaches one of the curing yards, by reason of the stench arising from the putrid fish ; but to the native, the stronger the odor, the better the quality of fish, and the best quality for the native would be rejected by our dogs at home.

As I am not a naturalist, nor am able to get books that will help me in the matter of fishes, in this part of the world, I shall not be able to tell of many kinds. I fancy they are much the same as are found in other parts at the same latitude. There are porpoises in great numbers in the bay, and even in this river as far up as Chandbali. The sole, the bacti, the mullet,

the globe fish, and many other kinds, are very numerous. The fish seem to be very prolific in these waters; our tank was pumped dry last year, and now it is full of fish again.

During the first rainy season we were in Chandbali, we saw a very curious sight. The tank near our house had not been cleaned out for several years, and the water was getting low. One day we saw scores of fish actually jumping up the sides of the tank and crossing the yard, and one came up into our veranda. But they did not get very far; the natives were soon filling their baskets with them. We put some in a kerosene tin, with a little water in it; one of the fishes actually succeeded, after several attempts, in jumping out of the tin. The natives say that perch climb trees. This, however, seems much like a fish story. They are about six or seven inches in length. About a year ago, I read an article in the *Independent*, in which the writer said this fish would leave muddy tanks in search of clean water, and had been known to travel over a dusty road for a number of miles. They hop along something like toads, using their fins. They are provided with pouches in the mouth, in which they can carry water to keep them alive for several days. He also said that native travelers took these fishes with them on their journeys, and so could have fresh fish every day; and that fish hawkers at home would put the unsold fish of this kind in water at night, and so have them fresh the next day.

INDIA.

MR. SPURGEON saw on a weather-cock what he thought was a strange motto, "God is Love!" and asked his friend if he meant to imply that the Divine love could be as fickle as the wind. "No," said he, "this is what I mean: whichever way the wind blows, God is love; through the cold north wind, the biting east wind, still God is love, as much as when the warm, genial breezes refresh our fields and flocks."—*The Messenger*.

"A missionary spirit,—'Thy kingdom come!'"

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

[See Notes on Persia and Turkey.]

WHAT is the principal religion of Turkey and Persia?

What is the feeling of the people of Persia towards the introduction of Christianity?

What about the experiences of the church missionary society?

Tell the story of Kasha Mooshy.

Give facts about missionary work in Turkey.

What use is made of fish by the natives in our mission field?

How do the Brahmins feel about its use?

Describe methods of catching.

In what condition are the fish used?

What kinds of fishes are found?

Tell about the fishes that went on a journey.

UPWARDS of four and thirty years ago, a youth of fortune came up to Oriel, who ought to have been absolutely prohibited wine. He was at once invited to an undergraduate party. Maddened by two or three glasses, he effected his escape from his bedroom in the "bell staircase," and got out on the roof of the college. The result might have been foreseen. The night was dark. He fell. When the narrator was called in the morning, there, sure enough, on his face, close to the chapel door, lay the poor youth, his black curly hair blown this way and that by the chill morning wind. Life was extinct.—*Gen. Bap. Mag.*

THE failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds ; and one fault of a well-deserving man will meet with more reproaches than all his virtues praise ; such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.—*Spectator.*

HOME DEPARTMENT.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

FROM Mrs. D. Lothrop's (Margaret Sidney) paper on "A Young Woman's Opportunity," read at Ocean Park, Me., August 9, we are permitted to take the following extracts:—

"Opportunity is the long, thin finger of despair, pointing backward down a broken and ruined highway that our feet have trod; or it is the golden mile-stone at the turn of the road, beckoning us to our glowing future. We have it in our power to make opportunity what we will. . . . I don't believe all the books I ever read on the subject of woman's advancement in mental culture, in spiritual grace, in physical well-being, ever did me one-tenth the good that a single phrase in the Bible has rendered: 'This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

"So then, I would, first of all, advise any young woman who is watching for her opportunity to 'search the Scriptures' and make of them a daily guide, counselor, and friend.

"The field opening before a Christian young woman is large and varied. Never was there such a crying need for workers as now. To those who are interested in such matters, and will look in the proper places for the statistics, the situation is truly inspiring. . . . I would say to every young woman that my voice could reach, 'Do some practical work for the poor, the suffering, and the sinful. If not able to do much, let not that discourage you; *but be sure to do your little!*'

* * * * *

"I do not think that the day of our mothers was better than this day of our Lord, 1889, and that we have fallen upon evil things. He who is indifferent to the progress of individuals,

and loses sight of the splendid march of nations toward the goal, is narrow-minded and morbid indeed. But I do say that although the very air is charged with intellectual ozone, and the possibilities for growth in every human being on the globe were never greater, there is something wanting ; and he who studies men and women will realize a certain lack of virility where he looked for strength, and a quick eye for showy results where patient details should rather have been watched. With our progressive ideas, why cannot we copy the simplicity and rugged, unflinching devotion to principle which characterized the women who have left us noble examples ?

* * * * *

" It is a trite saying that we make circumstances our servants. In other words, we make our own lives what we will . . . But circumstances are facile enough in the grasp of a strong will. They bend ; they even break ; they melt away, and are modified, not by fate, but by an indomitable purpose in the individual who is unhappily placed.

* * * * *

" Girls, whatever you do, do it well. Just as I would advise boys in business life, I would say to all girls who wait for a word of encouragement, or a suggestion of help, or for an opportunity, make yourselves indispensable to your employers, or to those having authority over you. So that, if you were removed from them, they would find it a difficult matter to fill your place.

" ' Don't take Althea away, I beg of you,' said a dress-maker to the mother of one of her apprentices ; ' I'd stake my life on her button-holes ; and she never slights the overcasting.' Let it be said of you, ' She never slights ' anything she has put her hand to do ; even ' the overcasting ' of life's duties.

* * * * *

" And this brings me to the consideration of manners as one of the principal adjuncts to a well-appointed young woman of to-day, who must be ready to grasp her opportunity when it

comes. Not mannerisms—that silly apeing of a sillier model in the conventional world; one who crooks our elbows in the approved hand-shake, and who smirks our pleasure and who simulates our tears in the most correct form. But that careful following of the dictates of a kind heart; that nice distinction between the right and the wrong thing to say; that fine courtesy that tells good breeding,—these I would have all young girls study and acquire as soon as possible.

* * * * *

"I have been so many times approached by young girls with the question, 'What can I do to support myself?' And my heart has so ached for them in their fruitless search for some position whereby they could 'keep the wolf from the door,' while the family were held together by their slender fingers, that I shut myself in my room one day, and I said, 'I will write, as it were, a circular letter to all these dear girls, struggling under this heavy load.' Pardon me for being personal at this point. I did write, as it was given to me, I believe, to write, of the opportunity that lay at their hand. And oh, the thankful letters that have come to me, the tears in the happy eyes that have greeted me since the message was written. And it was simply because no great thing was advised to these souls in their extremity. The two young girls who did support themselves and gain an honorable name did it by taking in mending of every description,—clothes, household linen, even carpets.

* * * * *

"To every young woman of to-day there comes the opportunity to engage in missionary and charitable work of a varied nature. And here let me drop a word of caution. Be more careful to serve the society to which you belong, well, than to shine on its board of directors. . . . Let no outside duties conflict with the home interests. The two should be combined. As Ruskin beautifully states it: 'What the woman is to be within her gates, as the center of order, the balm of distress,

and the mirror of beauty, that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, and loveliness more rare.' "

PURITY IN LITERATURE AND ART.

WHEN we, as Christians, are bidden to seek "whatsoever things are pure," does not the injunction extend farther than our own personal reach after things pure and holy? Are we not to ask: What can we do, as parents, as teachers, as citizens, toward the realization of purity in all things?

It seems to me that one of the most important things we have to do in this department is to arouse mothers to watch more carefully what their children read, and what debasing pictures may find their way into their hands. Every mother, who deserves the name, sedulously guards her child's stomach from the entrance of baleful substances, for she knows that the life of the body is at stake; yet the same mother will leave the tender, unformed mind — the immortal soul — to feed on the most noxious poison, and give no thought to the higher life imperiled.

The inner life of souls thus nourished assimilates ever more and more to what it feeds on, until, polluted at its fountain head, it astonishes onlookers by a sudden downward plunge into polluted acts. And where lies the guilt? Primarily, with the mother, who did not inform herself of the evil books read by her daughter, or the indecent pictures treasured and gloated over by her son. Let parents look to these things, if they would have the next generation purer than the present. Let teachers watch and warn the young people under their care, if they would save them from the many printed words sent forth to lure them to evil.

Some years ago I was deeply shocked and grieved by being told by a girl of fifteen, the daughter of Christian parents: "I have read all the novels I could find, and there are trunks full

in my grandmother's attic, some of them the worst books imaginable, and they have not hurt me!" I shuddered then, and have often shuddered since, to think of so foul a stream flowing through a young girl's mind, and of the indelible traces that must have been left behind. For these things do "hurt," and the hurt is one that leaves a scar for life on those whom it does not wholly wreck. Then let mothers, let teachers, let citizens everywhere, be aroused by the danger which confronts us. In many of our States, the laws already existing are sufficient to punish any gross indecency in this line. Where they are not, let the people demand such laws.

As to the less flagrant and open assaults on purity in literature, it would seem that the most we can do is to seek to create such a public sentiment of condemnation for these things, and such a public appetite for "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report," that the pure "will pay" better than the impure, since that is the most universally recognized commercial standard. And if such a dream seem Utopian, in view of the immense demand for these noxious things, let us remember that this demand has been largely created by the unceasing efforts of those who are ever ready to coin money from the blood of souls.—*The Union Signal.*

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SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

HOW often we hear persons exclaim, "I wish I were not so sensitive, so easily hurt by slights and unkind remarks." Now, if that person would but consider that sensitiveness is but another name for *selfishness*, do you think he or she would boast of it, or own it? No; we are all prone to think ourselves free from that besetting sin. Well for humanity in general, and ourselves in particular, did we face this truth more bravely, and when hurt by some criticism of our conduct, or wounded by some remark, perhaps not intended for our ears, but the shoe fitting, we put it on—well for us, I say, did we look within,

and knowing there must be truth behind the words, try more earnestly to follow in the path of One who bore meekly and lovingly all the reproach and ignominy of those he came to save.

Self, *self*, SELF, through every phase of mortal existence ! How much need there is to cultivate the love for our neighbor — next to God love, Christ puts it, and without his spirit that is impossible. We can become perfect, else he would not have so said, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." It is a long road ; but the daily striving after the good and the pure will bring us nearer and nearer the kingdom, until at last we grow into the full possession of his spirit, and great shall be our reward.

By our fruit shall we be known. In other words, by our daily Christian endeavor shall our example lead others into the light. We must not claim to be followers, and yet for every breeze that contrary blows, let our tempers get the upper hand and speak and do the things we would not — for the flesh continually wars against the spirit, and it is only by unceasing vigilance that we can rout the tormentor. Watch and pray. We are all so ready to be overcome of evil, such an easy prey to temptations.—*Union Signal*.

THE MIDDLE-AGED.

DOES God give husband and children to the girl, that she may never become the woman? Does he burden her youth with burdens to crush out its youthfulness? It is the youthfulness the young man loves when he marries her ; it is her youthfulness her children crave ; it is her youthfulness her children need to thrive on, to grow up with all along. They must have it, the need is imperative ; if they do not find it in mother, they will seek it elsewhere. In some other mother, perhaps.

"I cannot talk to my mother as I talk to you," moaned

somebody's grown-up daughter to another girl's mother the other day. There was nothing saved out of her mother's youth to understand her fifteen-year-old confidences.

Disappointment and jealousy made a mother's face rigid one evening when her husband turned from her to ask a question of the girl studying her lesson at another table. The question did not concern the school study ; it was a debated point in the common sense and the perplexities of his business day, and he turned for counsel to Sarah, who was not nineteen. Sarah's answer was wise, too. That was a part of the bitterness of it ; she could not have given such a sensible answer as that. She had never had time to think of such things ; she had been canning and pickling all day, and she was afraid those sweet pickles were too sour !

She was worrying over the pickles when father spoke to Sarah. Sarah had made the graham gems for tea. Could a woman do both,—have time to think about what her husband was interested in, and make the graham gems and pickles, and make over those pants for Johnny?

Sarah would ; Sarah had begun right. Mrs. Downie said yesterday that she had determined, years ago, she would look over the daily paper, and read every week one religious weekly. Mrs. Downie kept no servant, and there was always a baby in the house. She always knew what the Sunday-school lesson was about too. Must this happen again, and keep on happening ?

" Father," in a somewhat constrained voice, " if you will sit a little nearer and read aloud, I can listen to the news while I sew on Johnny's pants, maybe."

" Ah, that is something like," exclaimed father, joyously.

Is it ever too late to begin to save something? Isn't life full of God's fragments?—*Advocate and Guardian.*

NOTHING that is excellent can be wrought suddenly.—*T. Taylor.*

UNWISE THRIFT.

THE average New England woman — and she is the type of a class known in other localities — is the embodiment of activity. From the time when she wakes in the morning until she loses consciousness in sleep at night, her hands and brains are ceaselessly employed. In too many instances this may be a compelling necessity, but even when no such pressure exists, "catch up" work is provided for every possible spare moment, and it is usually of that totally needless sort which could better than not be spared. If you call on such a person, she at once takes up her work-basket, as if to say that conversation is a waste of precious time, and so gives you only a poor half sort of attention, which is like speaking over a high wall. . . .

But this little period of eternity is too brief to be spent in the service of the perishable. There must be some time for rest, for meditation, for recreation, for conversation, — "immortal leisure," as Emerson puts it — time for the soul to grow into larger life — that growth into strength and a wholesome, righteous purpose which makes the heart resolute before trial, and responsive to the higher emotions.—*Elinor F. Edwards.*

THE FREEDMEN.—The Negroes of the South are making material gains. Late statistics of the States of Georgia, South Carolina, and Louisiana indicate that since the war they pay taxes on \$48,000,000. Since the colored people have become citizens, a decided force in the politics of the country, it is of the utmost importance that they have a property interest in the communities where they are; and to good citizenship, thrift and economy and saving are needful; as they acquire land and houses, they will be able to support schools and churches. Intelligence and religion with homes and real estate will elevate and fit them for advancing duties and responsibilities.—*Misionary Review.*

WOMAN'S EASTER.

WITH Mary, ere dawn, in the garden,
I stand at the tomb of the Lord ;
I share in her sorrowing wonder ;
I hear through the darkness a word,
The first the dear Master hath spoken
Since the awful death-stillness was broken.

He calleth her tenderly, " Mary ! "
Sweet, sweet is His voice in the gloom.
He spake to us first, O my sisters !
So breathing our lives into bloom !
He lifteth our souls out of prison !
We, earliest, saw Him arisen !

He lives ! Read you not the glad tidings
In our eyes, that have gazed into His ?
He lives ! By His light on our faces
Believe it and come where He is !
O doubter, and you who denied Him,
Return to your places beside Him !

The message of His resurrection
To man it was woman's to give :
It is fresh in her heart through the ages ;
" He lives, that ye also may live,
Unfolding, as He hath, the story
Of manhood's attainable glory."

O Sun on our souls first arisen,
Give us light for the spirits that grope !
Make us loving and steadfast and loyal,
To bear up humanity's hope !
O Friend who forsakest us never,
Breathe through us Thy errands forever !

—Lucy Larcom, in "*Wild Roses from Cape Ann.*"

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

MAINE.

The W. M. S. of the Parsonsfield Q. M. held its annual meeting with the Newfield church June 12. Mrs. Newton Cough was re-elected president; Mrs. J. H. Brown, secretary; Mrs. L. G. Richards, treasurer. The public meeting was interesting and instructive. Collection, \$6.25.

MRS. J. H. BROWN, Sec.

W. M. S. Picnic.—The W. M. S. of the Parsonsfield Q. M. held a public meeting with picnic dinner, at East Parsonsfield, August 27. The exercises were very interesting, consisting of remarks, recitations, and singing. Mrs. M. P. Jordan exhibited and explained the uses of several articles from India. The tables were spread in the orchard, a short distance from the church, and hot coffee, boiled corn, etc., were served to the company. The meeting was well attended. At the close a vote of thanks was tendered to the ladies of the East Parsonsfield society for their kind entertainment. All agreed it was a day well and profitably spent.

Q. M. Sec.

VERMONT.

We, the members of the Ladies' Missionary Society of East Randolph, Vt., adopt the following resolutions, as a token of our love and a tribute to the memory of a departed sister:—

Whereas, our Heavenly Father has called from earth our dear sister, Mrs. Lura M. Smith, while we bow in submission to his will, it is in deep sorrow that we recognize the fact that she will greet us here no more.

Resolved, That in her death our society has lost a ready helper; the church and community, a worthy member and loving friend.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the

mourning friends, and pray that grace Divine may be given in this their time of need.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent for publication in the *HELPER*; also that a copy be sent to her absent sister.

In behalf of the E. Randolph Auxiliary.

LILLIAN M. SPRAGUE, *Sec.*

OHIO.

During the session of the Ashtabula Q. M., held with the Greene church, August 23-25, an hour was devoted, Saturday morning, to the W. M. S. for business. The resolutions on the death of Miss Ida O. Phillips, as published in the *Morning Star* of July 25, were unanimously adopted. Mrs. J. B. Lash was elected Q. M. agent for the *MISSIONARY HELPER*, and good results are hoped for.

A very interesting programme was carried out in the evening, which showed an excellent spirit in mission work. Collections for the quarter from the churches, \$20.37. Saturday evening collection, \$3.00. Total, \$23.37.

N. Sheffield, *O.*

MRS. M. E. PIMLOTT, *Pres.*

MINNESOTA.

Whereas, we, as mission-workers, are called upon to mourn the loss of one of our most eminent leaders, therefore,

Resolved, That we recognize in our late sister, Ida Phillips, an enthusiastic, consistent worker in the vineyard of the Lord, — one who counted no sacrifice too great to make for the advancement of his cause.

Resolved, That we show our appreciation of her life and example by striving to advance the cause so dear to her heart, and in which she so successfully labored.

Resolved, That we, the ladies of the Winona and Houston Q. M. Mission Society, do extend our sincere sympathy to, and earnest prayers for, the bereaved family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the *Free Baptist* and *MISSIONARY HELPER*, and to the bereaved family.

MRS. McELROY,
MRS. QUIMBY,
MISS GROSS, } *Com.*

IOWA.

The annual session of the Iowa F. B. W. M. Society was held at Pleasant Hill, Aug. 24, 1889, in connection with the Yearly Meeting. The following named officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Thera B. True, Edgewood; secretary, Miss M. V. Toothaker, Glendale; treasurer, Mrs. C. W. Dennis, Le Mars. A public meeting was held Saturday evening. The programme was most excellent, consisting of music, essays, reports, a short address by Rev. J. H. Reeves, and remarks by several other ministers. Collection, \$7.36.

There is now a Q. M. Society in each Q. M. in the State, the last one being organized June 9, 1889. Number of Auxiliaries, 24; members, 405; children's bands, 2; members, 28; HELPERS taken, 101; amount of money raised, \$739.45.

The following resolutions were adopted: —

Resolved, That we urge upon the Auxiliaries the necessity of more prompt and complete reports.

Resolved, That we appreciate with gratitude the labors of Miss Ida O. Phillips in our State, and, while tenderly cherishing her memory, we mourn her untimely death. We also tender our loving sympathy to her bereaved friends, both in America and India.

Resolved, That we give our sympathy and prayers for Sister Reeves, who has taken up the work laid down by our departed sister, hoping she may be able to visit our Iowa churches.

M. V. TOOTHAKER, *Sec.*

WATERLOO.—From March 5 to September 3 we have held a missionary meeting on the first Tuesday of each month. Our meetings are opened by repeating our motto, "The Sower Soweth the Word." Reading of the Scriptures, followed by prayer; singing and select reading; topic for each meeting taken from the *HELPER*. We have fifty-two good working members. We gave a concert August 27, which was largely attended, and from which we realized \$11.17; collected in barrels, \$12.53; total amount, \$23.70. We appropriated \$10 for Foreign Missions; \$1.00 to be sent to the Missionary Bureau for costumes; \$12.70 for Home Mission work. We feel greatly encouraged in our work for the Master, and he is blessing us by adding new members to our society.

MRS. N. B. WILSON, *Sec.*



"LET'S PLAY."

O H ! the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say !
When they can't have the things they wish for,
They take others, and cry, " Let's play ! "

" Let's play that the chairs are big coaches,
And the sofa a railroad car,
And that we are all taking journeys,
And traveling ever so far.

" Let's play that this broken old china
Is a dinner set, rare and fine,
And our tin cups filled with water
Are goblets of milk and wine.

" Let's play every one of our dollies
Is alive and can go to walk,
And keep up long conversations
With us, if we want to talk.

" Let's play that we live in a palace,
And that we are queens and kings ;
Let's play we are birds in a tree top,
And can fly about on wings.

" Let's play that we are school-keepers,
And grown people come to our school,
And punish them all most soundly
If they break but a single rule."

Oh ! the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say !
And we might be as happy as they are,
If we would be happy their way.

What odds 'twixt not having and having,
When we have lived out our day !
Let us borrow the children's watchword —
The magical watchword, " Let's play."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S LESSON.

THE schoolmaster, with the savings of two laborious years, had treated himself to a fine, large microscope. This instrument, in its mahogany case, occupied a place of honor on a side table. It was a world of wonder, a more than Aladdin's lamp to the children, who looked with joy to the occasions when the schoolmaster revealed to their wondering gaze its enchantments. Whenever the schoolmaster took a little key from his vest pocket and approached the sacred altar, where reposed the marvel, the children stowed their books under the blue desks, and fairly held their breath with expectation. Any one of them might have the honor of being summoned as officiating acolyte of the occasion.

On this afternoon the schoolmaster had a bowl of water, and some small green weeds from the nearest pond. He put some of the green plant in a large, clear glass. As it floated, the children coming near to look, one by one, saw that the plant seemed supplied with minute green sacs filled with air.

" Now take your seats," said the master. " This is called a bladder-plant, from these wee green bladders, whereby it floats. Listen, and Nathan will tell you what he sees. Nathan, come forward."

Nathan came gladly.

" Now, tell us what you see in the water, Nathan ? "

" I see little live things ; some have little shells on them like

mussels, only they look about as big as tiny pin-heads. Some have little whirling wheels on their heads. A good many are like very, very wee caterpillars."

"Those last are the water-bears," said the schoolmaster.
"Now look at the bladder-plant."

"The bladders," said Nathan, "are little bags. Their mouths are open. They are set round with hairs. Some of the bags look full of something, and dark. Some of them seem to have some live thing kicking in them. Some are empty, and as you look in at the door it is like a little clear green-room. Oh! I see a water-bear swimming up to one! He looks in. He seems to think it is pretty. I guess he wants to know what is inside. Now he swims to one of the bags where there is something kicking. He looks in there. Now he goes to an empty one. Now he swims by. No, he changes his mind. He thinks he will go in. He pokes in his head. The little hairs at the door bend inward; they let him go in easy. He is in! Oh, now he is trying to come out!"

Great excitement in the listening school,—eyes wide, heads bent forward.

"Can he get out?" cried some one.

"No! no! he can't," exclaimed Nathan, all eager. "The hairs bend in and let him in, but he cannot get by them to go out! They won't bend out. Oh, he can't get out."

The schoolmaster now took one of the dark, full sacs, cut it open with a very fine, sharp instrument, and put it under the glass.

"Now what, Nathan?"

"Oh, that bag is full of dead things, of what you might call the bones of these bits of creatures, the shells off one of those tiny things like mussels. They are things that have gone in, and have got all melted up."

"Here is another," said the schoolmaster, putting a lighter green sac in place, also cut open. "What now?"

"That is the very sac the water-bear looked into to see

something kicking. The kicking thing was another water-bear. Now it is dead. The one that went in just now is kicking too."

The schoolmaster took that sac also, opened it, and released the struggling water-bear.

"What now, Nathan?"

"He is out, but he doesn't feel good. He doesn't swim round as he did before he went in. I think he is going to die, schoolmaster. Oh, here is another bear just going into a sac. Let him out quick, won't you?"

The schoolmaster opened the sac, and the freed little animal swam off.

"He got out, right off, and nothing but him," said Nathan. "Schoolmaster, isn't it queer that when they look in and see the dead ones, and the bones and skins, or see other ones caught and kicking, and can't get out, that they don't learn better than to go in themselves? I should think they'd have sense to keep out!"

"People do not have sense to keep out, when the circumstances are just about the same. Now, all of you children, listen. You know that Nathan has told you of these little, gay palace-rooms, where the doors open in and not out, and the things which swim by seem curious to know what is inside. Some of these gay places hold struggling captives; others are full of the relics of the dead. Now, that is a little parable to you. Let the little green sacs stand for places where strong drink is sold. Those who enter such places form the drinking habit, and then they cannot get free from it: Persons, yet free, look into these dens for drinking. They see in them people all ragged, dirty, poor, unhappy, bloated, crazy, sick, wrecked, and ruined victims of the habit. They see yet others who mourn that they are enslaved, who have a sense of shame and danger, and struggle to get rid of the appetite that makes prisoners of them, and will destroy them. In this little plant, when the little animals get into the sacs, the plant melts up their bodies, and seems to suck up their juice, and feed on it until

nothing is left but the fine bony parts. So the unhappy person who goes into a grog-shop finds that the dealer feeds on him until his health and happiness and money and respectability are all gone, and perhaps nothing is left of him but the poor body that is ready for the potter's field. Is it not strange that when we see how many persons are utterly ruined by drink, any will venture into places where drink is sold, and will even begin to taste the fatal liquor? Whenever you see a place for selling whisky, I want you to think of the little water-bears and other water creatures which enter the snares of the bladder-plant."—*From "The Captain's Bargain," by Mrs. Wright.*

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PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

CONSULT the "mailer's tag" on your magazine, and if you find you are in arrears, forward your subscription at once. At this time of year money comes in slowly, but expenses continue as usual. Please remit at once, and confer a favor. The accompaniment of a new name for our subscription list would be very acceptable.

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F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for August, 1889.

MAINE.

Augusta auxiliary, for native teacher.....	\$6 00
East Otisfield, Children's Band, for girl in Sinclair Orphanage.....	12 50
Lewiston, Prof. B. F. Hayes, Coldren Fund.....	1 50
Presque Isle auxiliary, for F. M. Stroudwater Union S. S.....	12 00
Richmond Village S. S., for Miss Coombs	5 66
Richmond Village auxiliary, do. Steep Falls auxiliary, one-half each, Mrs. Lightner and Miss Coombs	2 59
West Falmouth auxiliary, for Miss Coombs	8 00
Miss Abbie F. Phinney.....	1 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Mrs. Mary D. Perkins, general work.....	1 00
Franconia, Mrs. R. L. Howard, one-half each, Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner.....	5 00
Great Falls auxiliary, for O. and P. of Miss. and on L. M. Mrs. C. M. Dorr.....	5 00
Laconia, Children's Band, for Laconia School at Midnapore.....	6 00
Laconia, Mrs. Judith J. Young, O. and P. of missionaries..	50
Littleton auxiliary, O. and P. of missionaries.....	27 50
Meredith Village auxiliary.....	1 50
Northwood Ridge, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hill, for Hill School with Mrs. Smith....	25 00
Pittsfield, Y. P. Miss. Soc., for Patna School with Mrs. Smith	12 50
Rochester auxiliary, for Mrs. Lightner.....	5 00
Strafford Bow Lake auxiliary..	5 05
Whitefield auxiliary, for O. and P. of Miss.....	5 00

Walnut Grove auxiliary, one-half each, Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner

3 00

VERMONT.

Corinth Band, for Mrs. Smith..	1 00
Corinth auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith.....	3 00
Corinth, church collection, for Mrs. Smith	2 00
Enosburg Q. M., for Mrs. Smith.....	4 00
Enosburg Falls church, for Mrs. Smith.....	4 00
East Orange auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith.....	2 25
East Willmington auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith.....	1 60
Huntington Q. M. collection, for Mrs. Smith.....	3 25
Lyndon Center auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith	2 40
South Strafford auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith	6 00
Sheffield church.....	3 25
Sutton church, for Mrs. Smith.....	3 00
Starksboro auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith.....	13 50
Washington auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith.....	10 00
Wheelock Q. M. W. M. S. concert, for Mrs. Smith.....	8 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

No. Chelmsford, Mrs. C. A. Holt, Yearly Membership, \$1.00; general work, \$2.00	3 00
Blackstone auxiliary, for H. Phillips, \$3.13; Storer College, \$4.37.....	7 50
Blackstone Y. P. M. S., for H. Phillips, \$1.75; Storer, \$1.75	3 50
Blackstone Busy Bees, for H. Phillips, 75 cts; Storer College, 75 cts.....	1 50

RHODE ISLAND.

Georgiaville church, for Storer Greenville auxiliary, for H. Phillips	5 00
Georgiaville church, for Storer Greenville auxiliary, for H. Phillips	10 00

	MICHIGAN.
Pawtucket auxiliary, for Miss Phillips, \$2.75; Storer, \$5.00	\$7 75
Pawtucket, Little Workers, for Storer.....	4 00
Pascoag, Y. P. M. S., Miss I. Phillips, \$12.50; Miss H. Phillips, \$2.75; Storer College, \$2.75.....	18 00
Providence auxiliary, and Busy Gleaners, for Storer College	37 50
Providence, Mrs. S. E. Davison for Miss H. Phillips.....	1 00
Providence, Mrs. A. B. Tourtellot, for Western work, on L. M. Miss Lizzie Rumenery.....	5 00
Warwick Cen. church, for Miss H. Phillips, \$5.00; Storer College, \$5.00.....	10 00
R. I. Asso. auxiliary, for Inc. Fund	14 10
NEW YORK.	
Poland, Mrs. A. Coon, one-half each, H. and F. M.	10 00
Poland auxiliary, for Ambrie's school.....	7 50
West Oneonta auxiliary, Philmoni with Miss Coombs ...	13 00
OHIO.	
Chagrin Falls, Julia E. M. Bliss	50
Raymond, Mrs. Sarah Higgins, for zenana work.....	2 00
INDIANA.	
La Grange Q. M. auxiliary, one-half each, H. and F. M.	15 44
	MINNESOTA.
Batavia auxiliary	\$3 00
Holton and White River Q. M., one-half each, H. and F. M.	4 30
Hillsdale Q. M. auxiliary, F. M., \$29.86; Literature Fund, 10 cts.....	29 96
	KANSAS.
Delevan auxiliary, Inc. Fund... East Castle and Castle Rock, auxiliary, for school with Miss Coombs	50 11 00
	NEBRASKA.
Nebraska Y. M. auxiliary, for F. M	1 00
	PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
Stanstead auxiliary, for Emily .	8 00
Total	<u>\$473 15</u>
NOTES.—Mrs. Harriet Cross, Winneconne, Wis., is constituted a L. M. with \$20.00 credited to her in May receipts.	
Sandwich Q. M. should have been credited with \$2.00 in June receipts, instead of the Belknap Q. M.	
LAURA A. DEMERITTE, <i>Treas.</i> <i>Dover, N. H.</i>	

REPORT OF THE W. M. S. OF THE OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION.

June 1st. to September 1st.

	F. M.
Central Ohio Y. M. Coll.....	\$19 34
Ohio Y. M. Coll.....	23 00
Centerburg auxiliary.....	3 87
Albany auxiliary.....	5 00
Pageville, O., auxiliary.....	4 00
1st Alexander auxiliary	1 00
Cleveland Q. M. W. M. S.....	8 22
Cleveland Q. M. Coll.....	3 02
Green Camp auxiliary	4 00
Green Camp, Mrs. Moor's boys' class.....	1 00
Big Island and Union auxiliary.....	13 27
Grand Prairie auxiliary.....	35 65
Marion auxiliary.....	13 13
Marion Y. P. C. E. S.....	2 50
Newton auxiliary.....	5 00
Harmony Q. M.....	11 30
East Liberty auxiliary	38
Broadway and Newton Quilting Army.....	10 00
Pageville, Pa., auxiliary.....	2 35
Rockdale auxiliary	12 30
Spring Creek auxiliary	7 10

Waterford auxiliary.....	\$3 12
Pleasant Grove auxiliary.....	28 00
Beech Grove auxiliary.....	2 25
Geauga and Portage Q. M.....	3 50
Total	\$222 30

MRS. A. R. MINER, *State Treas.*

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE W. M. S. OF THE OHIO STATE ASSO.

From Sept. 1st., 1888, to Sept. 1st., 1889.

RECEIPTS.

OHIO RIVER Y. M.

	F. M.	H. M.	Ed. Soc.	Total
Ohio Y. M. Coll.....	\$10 00	\$10 00	\$5 00	\$25 00
Athens Q. M.....	17 75	17 75
Gallia Q. M	14 90	14 90
Meigs Q. M.....	12 85	1 00	13 85
West Va. Asso.....	2 10	2 10
Total Ohio River Y. M.....	57 60	11 00	5 00	73 60

OHIO Y. M.

Ohio Y. M. Coll.....	23 00	23 00
Warren and Clark Q. M.....	30 25	30 25
Total Ohio Y. M.....	53 25	53 25

CENTRAL OHIO Y. M.

Central Ohio Y. M. Coll.....	19 34	19 34
Harmony Q. M	27 83	27 83
Marion Q. M.....	153 33	96 00	14 07	268 40
Richland and Licking Q. M	20 48	20 48
Seneca and Huron Q. M.....	8 58	8 58
Total Central Ohio Y. M.....	234 56	96 00	14 07	344 63

OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA Y. M.

Ashtabula Q. M.....	13 84	2 66	1 34	17 84
Cleveland Q. M.....	63 22	13 22	6 67	83 11
Crawford Q. M.....	20 00	20 00
Geauga and Portage Q. M.....	13 50	13 50
Washington Q. M.....	94 74	2 40	1 20	98 34
Total Ohio and Pennsylvania Y. M.	205 30	18 28	9 21	232 79
State Association Coll.....	29 35	31 35	10 67	61 37
Total State Asso. Receipts.....	580 06	146 63	38 95	765 64

DISBURSEMENTS.

Salary Nellie M. Phillips	400 00
School Work, Nellie M. Phillips.....	100 00
Home Missions.....	81 63
Educational Society	38 95
Rev. Joseph Wesley.....	30 00
Rev's Dewitt.....	35 00
Balance in Treas. Given's hands.....	80 06

Total Disbursements \$765 64

MRS. A. R. MINER, *State Treas.*

